

THE ARGUS
PUBLISHED BY THE ARGUS PUBLISHING CO., INC.
100 N. 10th St., St. Paul, Minn.
Subscription Price, \$5.00 per Annum in Advance.
Single Copies, 10 Cents.
Entered as Second-Class Matter, March 1, 1910.
Postage Paid at St. Paul, Minn.
Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 1, 1918.
Copyright, 1919, by Argus Publishing Co., Inc.
Printed at the Argus Press, 100 N. 10th St., St. Paul, Minn.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1919.

It's funny the railroad employees can and the postal clerks can't.

Mexico went out to get Villa "dead or alive" and got him very much alive—on his own terms.

The length of a speech of acceptance suggests that Eugene Debs had, at least, the happy faculty of confining himself.

It doesn't seem to make any difference how many times Brest-Litovsk is taken, the dispatches always refer to it as a "stronghold."

About half of America would like to know who Babe Ruth is supporting for president. The other half doesn't care. They're for Babe Ruth.

Apparently Socialist Candidate Debs feels there would be little advantage in being out of jail if his constituents are to remain locked up on election day.

A political party composed of women might not be superfluous, but the announcement of one of its proposed leaders that "no man would be permitted a voice in it" is.

It is reported that the Congressional Record cost more than half a million in the last year, which is about as near as the people come to getting their money's worth for anything these days.

Reports from Europe give us an uncomfortable feeling, as we recall the events of exactly six years ago, in August, 1914. A world war seemed impossible then. So it does today.

Billy and "Ma."
Billy Sunday, who preached for seven weeks in Rock Island last fall, has been writing a sermon, just printed in the Country Gentleman. The text on which it is based are three: I Corinthians, VII. 3: "Let the husband render unto the wife due benevolence." Proverbs V. 18: "Rejoice with the wife of thy youth." Deuteronomy XXIV. 5: "And shall cheer up the wife which he hath taken."

Billy says there are scores of other passages in the bible which he might have taken, urging the husband to give his wife a square deal and the whole body of the sermon is taken up with the purchase of labor-saving devices for women on the farm. Here are a few morsels: "Why don't you plow with a forked stick? Why don't you haul your stuff to market with a two-wheeled cart drawn by oxen? Now look here, you might just as well use those old-fashioned devices as to ask your wife to be manhandling her fingers on a washboard while you are riding a sulky plow."

"If you only knew it, many a woman's heart is so near the breaking point that when you suspect it, she's up in the attic on her knees, her face buried in her arms, crying as if her heart would break sure enough, and those

And whatever you do, be sure to get running water in the house for her. A man has no right to ask or expect a woman to draw water up hand over hand from a well 40 feet deep. Give her water from a faucet in the kitchen sink, and a bathroom and lavatory and a lot of other labor-saving devices."

Billy wants the farmers to buy their wives pianos and give them allowances and vacations and Sundays off and such things. He is generally added to these to the other "labor-saving devices" as the woman's due, and he is right.

There is no better investment anywhere than labor saved for the home. And according to Billy and his text, they lay up treasure in the other world for the husbands as well as comfort and happiness in this world for the wives.

The Sorry Truth.
Many who may have been proudly contemplating the victory of American seamanship over British seamanship, as exemplified in the triumph of the Resolute over Shamrock IV, may be shocked to learn the humiliating truth that the crew of the cup defender was not American at all. Of the men composing it, 22 are said to be Norwegians, seven Swedes, and one Dane. In other words, it was purely a Scandinavian crew. The British challenger, it may be inferred, in the absence of information to the contrary, was manned by British sailors.

The victory, then may properly be regarded as only two-thirds American. The yacht was of American design and construction, and the skipper, Charles Francis Adams, was indubitably American; but that is the best that can be said.

We cannot boast, on the strength of this yacht race at least, that American sailors are the best in the world. The Scandinavians have held that title for a thousand years, and apparently still have a right to it.

It may be, though, that the engaging of seamen for a race is like hiring professional ball players. The experts are contracted for to represent the country or city that pays them to represent it, as the case may be.

Famous American Slang.
Every once in awhile someone declares a crusade against slang. Yet slang is still slang. During a visit of a royal couple to America shortly after the end of the World war, they were given a reception by one of our great eastern cities, at which reception, of course, it became the duty of the mayor and his wife to officiate as hosts of the titled guests.

The king was appreciative and sympathetic. Thus spoke his royal highness:

"I can readily imagine that the diversified duties of administration of so great a modern commercial metropolis, such as yours, Mr. Mayor, are at once critical, acute and compelling, involving, I feel sure, a greater degree of capacity and adaptability to circumstances than the merely perfunctory exercise of prerogative, such as my station requires."

And the queen turned graciously to the mayor's wife and added her word:

"And I am sure that while the official and executive duties of the mayor may seem the more onerous and responsible, yet in reality, the scope and complexity of social duties required of the mayor's wife demand a finesse and a savoir faire which are attainable only by the most insistent and sensitive devotion to her exalted position."

The mayress was touched almost to tears by the queen's kind and appreciative words, and gazing straight into the eyes of her royal highness, she said fervently,

"Queen, you said a mouthful!"

Now, while there may be some who will deride the reply of the mayresses, all must admit that it goes straight to the point. It brings a breath of freshness to the heavy diplomatic atmosphere and it remains indelibly impressed on the memory.

The queen's well-meant words are heard, or read, and forgotten. Not so those of Mrs. Mayor. Her stirring phrase will be remembered in royal palaces and rooms of state long after the addresses of welcome and diplomatic courtesies have been forgotten.

It will be ranked with the famous phrases of history.

"I came, I saw, I conquered."

"They shall not pass!"

"La Fayette, we are here!"

"Queen, you said a mouthful!"

HERE LIES MAN'S ANCIENT ENEMY, WHO DEFEATERS THE UNLOVED CUGS, "NICKNAMES."
Way back in—well, a long, long time ago—When I was but a youth of years quite tender, I showed great speed in growing tall but, Oh! I was (to speak politely) very slender. The village wag, whose jokes were seldom nice; Whose biting tongue, in fact, stung like an adder, One day remarked I "had to stand up twice—Fore skinny kid—to make a decent shadder!"

I tried hard to pretend I didn't mind And told myself I wouldn't let that gail me But 'twas no use, for others sought to find An unkind nickname that all men might call me. They found the name—'twas but a single word And, gosh! how it did set my nerves a-quiver.

I never will forget when first I heard The fellows greet me with the yell: "Hey, 'Silver!'"

I've had a lot of nicknames since that day: For instance, "Spikes" and "Bones," and "String" and "Shorty." Perhaps before I'm feeble, old and gray My nicknames will have totaled more than forty.

I played ball 't'other day and gaily clubbed The ball. My conduct, I am certain, wasn't shady; So I can't understand why I was dubbed A "stringbean shammer"—and by a lady!

OUR village, you will be m. o. i. started to know, cuddles within its borders a modern Sherlock Holmes. He does not, to be sure, sport the famous "duster," the two-peaked cap and other w. k. props of the original S. H., but as reported by our own indefatigable sleuth, M. C. F., who credits Al Bruner with the detective discovery, he can deduce more in a minute than Sherlock could in a week. Between puffs on his M—o this modern Sherlock—otherwise Ed Noack—deposes thus:

"THE birds who robbed the Moline bank could have been nabbed just like that." And he delicately flicks the ash from his cigar. "There was only way they could leave Rock Island and that's on the road crossing the canal at Milan. Now, if someone had only been there to shift the drawbridge at the psychological moment—presto!—yeggs, big blue car and cash would have been dumped into the canal. Am I right? Why, my dear Watson, of course I am right!"

MAY we not suggest that Mr. Noack rob a bank and attempt his escape in a big car over this route—with a man on hand to turn the bridge? We'd like to see this thing demonstrated.

The Transparent Vest.
(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)
Lawler was conspicuous through the white vest he wore for meetings, so that he became known as "Pull-down-your-vest-lawler."

The Davenport Times advises daily that "if you are in a hurry and don't see what you want, just write a Want Ad of your own and put it in the 'Board Wanted' or 'Room Wanted' Columns of the Wants." That's fine, if it will work. What we want is about a hundred beans or so to help out during our approaching vacation.

Going the Printer's Towel One Better.
(From the Monmouth Review.)
When the members of the city council gathered in their chamber last evening they found the desks and chairs covered with a deep layer of dust which had blown in through the French windows which had been allowed to stand open several days. Before the roll was called a towel was found in a lavatory and there was some dusting done.

Composing Room Amenities.
"I need," the makeup man declares, "a plug—About five lines. Come on and do your duty!"

All right, how's this: You've got an ugly mug; Compared to you a hippo is a beauty!

THE daily papers briefly record the death of Omar Locklear, "stunt" aviator. News values change almost overnight. We recall many six and eight column headlines, photographs, "box features," cartoons and several columns of type telling an interested nation of the death of Lincoln Beachey. And we'll wager you hadn't thought of him for several years until reading this.

WE are beset by curiosity concerning that mysterious paragraph in his speech which Gov. Cox refuses to release except by wire tomorrow. We hardly expect to sleep at all tonight.

THE time seems ripe to revive the old gag about the war being all over.

ALL over Europe, y'know. R. E. M.G.

THE JADE PENDANT.
By Agnes Reay.
Copyright, 1919, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)
When two girls take a serious fancy to the same fellow, look out for trouble. And by the same token never underestimate possible feminine intrigues. Of course there was nothing improper about this three-colored affair; and perhaps the girls wouldn't be worth repeating for the awkward oversight of a maid fellow, and an exquisite jade pendant—innocent trinket to be sure, but playing an important part nevertheless.

Doris Shepard was 22, and her sister, Helen, was just two years the junior. Doris received an occasional letter from Frank Ballou, who, after having served eight years in the navy, had announced an intention of returning to civil life. Both girls loved Frank. Though Helen had never admitted it, yet for some time the elder girl had suspected her sister's secret love for the sailor. But when Doris had suspected her sister's secret love for the sailor, she had suspected her sister's secret love for the sailor. But when Doris had suspected her sister's secret love for the sailor, she had suspected her sister's secret love for the sailor.

India at the behest of a native. He attributed many charming qualities to—"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Doris, ostentatiously impatient.

"But they do say there is romance in those stones. Who-for whom is it intended?"

"By George, how careless of me!" replied Frank. "It's for your mother, of course."

Doris coughed and laughed sarcastically, while Helen covered an imaginary yawn.

Today's Anniversaries
1775—Daniel O'Connell, whom Ireland calls the great liberator, born in County Kerry, Ireland. Died at Genoa, May 15, 1847.

1845—Marquis of Lorne (duke of Argyll), son-in-law of Queen Victoria and one-time governor general of Canada, born in London. Died May 1, 1914.

1849—Queen Victoria was given a cordial reception on her first visit to Dublin.

1864—The war in New Zealand closed with the surrender of the Maori chiefs.



HERE LIES MAN'S ANCIENT ENEMY, WHO DEFEATERS THE UNLOVED CUGS, "NICKNAMES."

"NICKNAMES."
Way back in—well, a long, long time ago—When I was but a youth of years quite tender, I showed great speed in growing tall but, Oh! I was (to speak politely) very slender. The village wag, whose jokes were seldom nice; Whose biting tongue, in fact, stung like an adder, One day remarked I "had to stand up twice—Fore skinny kid—to make a decent shadder!"

I tried hard to pretend I didn't mind And told myself I wouldn't let that gail me But 'twas no use, for others sought to find An unkind nickname that all men might call me. They found the name—'twas but a single word And, gosh! how it did set my nerves a-quiver.

I never will forget when first I heard The fellows greet me with the yell: "Hey, 'Silver!'"

I've had a lot of nicknames since that day: For instance, "Spikes" and "Bones," and "String" and "Shorty." Perhaps before I'm feeble, old and gray My nicknames will have totaled more than forty.

I played ball 't'other day and gaily clubbed The ball. My conduct, I am certain, wasn't shady; So I can't understand why I was dubbed A "stringbean shammer"—and by a lady!

OUR village, you will be m. o. i. started to know, cuddles within its borders a modern Sherlock Holmes. He does not, to be sure, sport the famous "duster," the two-peaked cap and other w. k. props of the original S. H., but as reported by our own indefatigable sleuth, M. C. F., who credits Al Bruner with the detective discovery, he can deduce more in a minute than Sherlock could in a week. Between puffs on his M—o this modern Sherlock—otherwise Ed Noack—deposes thus:

"THE birds who robbed the Moline bank could have been nabbed just like that." And he delicately flicks the ash from his cigar. "There was only way they could leave Rock Island and that's on the road crossing the canal at Milan. Now, if someone had only been there to shift the drawbridge at the psychological moment—presto!—yeggs, big blue car and cash would have been dumped into the canal. Am I right? Why, my dear Watson, of course I am right!"

The Transparent Vest.
(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)
Lawler was conspicuous through the white vest he wore for meetings, so that he became known as "Pull-down-your-vest-lawler."

Going the Printer's Towel One Better.
(From the Monmouth Review.)
When the members of the city council gathered in their chamber last evening they found the desks and chairs covered with a deep layer of dust which had blown in through the French windows which had been allowed to stand open several days. Before the roll was called a towel was found in a lavatory and there was some dusting done.

Composing Room Amenities.
"I need," the makeup man declares, "a plug—About five lines. Come on and do your duty!"

All right, how's this: You've got an ugly mug; Compared to you a hippo is a beauty!

THE daily papers briefly record the death of Omar Locklear, "stunt" aviator. News values change almost overnight. We recall many six and eight column headlines, photographs, "box features," cartoons and several columns of type telling an interested nation of the death of Lincoln Beachey. And we'll wager you hadn't thought of him for several years until reading this.

WE are beset by curiosity concerning that mysterious paragraph in his speech which Gov. Cox refuses to release except by wire tomorrow. We hardly expect to sleep at all tonight.

THE time seems ripe to revive the old gag about the war being all over.

ALL over Europe, y'know. R. E. M.G.

HEALTH TIPS
BY WILLIAM BRADY, M.D.
Dietician and Author

Smoking Days.
In the regime of J. Barleycorn the housewife prided himself on being a moderate drinker, on having the will power to "take it or leave it alone," was above the temptations of the followers of the late lamented. None more stoutly maintained his ability to "take it or leave it alone" than the fellow getting over an attack of delirium tremens.

A great army of tobacco users today occupy a similar position. Admitting that too much tobacco works serious injury to health and often sends a man down prematurely, they nevertheless assert loudly that they are moderate smokers and can get along without it just as well as not, if they care to. And talk is cheaper than tobacco these days. Few of these moderate smokers care to demonstrate this boasted self-control by getting along without tobacco one day in every week. If it is a habit and the victim, he is not going to have any smokeless days apportioned to him. If it is a case of the man having control of the habit, he finds a smokeless day not only a source of self-satisfaction in that it proves he can get along without tobacco if he cares to, but also a distinct benefit to his mental and physical efficiency in most instances.

That is to say, much to the moderate smoker's surprise, he can do more and better work, muscular or mental, on the smokeless day than any other day in his smoke-beset week.

Every man, no matter what his station of age or social condition, owes something to his habit—he owes something to the honor of his mother's, sister's, wife's or daughter's sex. Barring members of that sex who get so far ahead or behind as to adopt the tobacco habit themselves, real women like a man who can and does at least sometimes separate himself from the aroma of tobacco. The women are entitled to at least one day in the week without that aroma in their lives. Mind, I am speaking now as a smoker, and not as an anti-pleasure person.

From one smokeless day each week it is a simple step to two or three days or even if necessary. A man who uses tobacco owes it to himself to keep the habit always within control and not to surrender to the habit. He may know whether he has the habit under

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.
The Teething Period.
My baby is nine months old. She is teething and several people have told me I should keep wool shirts on her until she is past the teething period. She is fat and the weather seems to distress her when she has her wool shirt and stockings and everything on. Would it be safe to change to cotton shirt and stockings now?

MRS. O. A.
Answer—She will be through teething in about twenty-three years and three months, but I'll bet you a corset against a wool shirt that she won't wear wool all that time. On hot days a cotton diaper is sufficient clothing for a baby. At night a cotton nightgown and enough to include the legs, drawn together with a pucker string at the bottom, and leaving plenty of room for the baby to kick and stir around. Put on cotton shirts now, if any. No stockings until it becomes cold, then cotton stockings. Babies are harmed by the heat, seldom by the cold. If a baby is comfortable and happy, you may be sure he is sufficiently clothed.

Lemon.
Does it improve one's health to eat half a lemon each morning without adding any sugar or toning it down in any way? I am 18, attending school and working after school nights. I do regular calisthenic exercises every morning, and when I begin these exercises on getting out of bed I always feel a little dizzy for a few seconds. Is that natural?

Answer—The only benefit I can see in the morning lemon is the brisk exercise it gives the face. Anyway it can do no harm. The sudden standing after lying down for some time is natural for many persons.

NELLIE.
There is considerable room for doubt in assuming that Nellie is a derivative or a contraction of stately Eleanor. Though some etymologists claim that the former name is derived from the latter, the name is derived from the original Helen and the final Lina, there are two other sources from which Nellie well be sprung without such a formidable history of derivation.

The Dutch have a name which they call Nelli, meaning "horn" which is pronounced the same as our Nellie and might easily be the direct progenitor of this popular little name. For those who reject this derivation, there is the German

What's In A Name?
(Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)
BY MILDRED MARSHALL

Nellie which has wide vogue in all countries under teutonic influence. It was evolved through the quaint English Petronella, a feminine name given in honor of Saint Peter.

The first Petronella was said to have been his daughter. For that reason, the name was exceedingly popular in Spain as Petronilla. In Norway, it made its appearance as Petronille and was shortened to Nillie, a name which corresponds very closely to our Nellie.

The bloodstone is Nellie's talismanic gem. It will preserve her health and protect her from disease, especially from those which affect the blood. Tuesday is her lucky number.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am 19 years old and I am rather good looking. The fellows, however, do not seem to notice me much and the girls shun me. What can I do to make the girls care for my company and make the fellows like me and care about going with me?

ANSWERS.
Something must be radically wrong if girls shun you. Ask some one whose opinion you respect to tell you frankly what is wrong. Of course, it is impossible for me to tell you the cause when all I know about you is what you have written.

Appearance counts for a great deal. First of all you should dress as neatly as you know how. It means more to have things very clean than to have them very costly. Do not wear things that will give the opinion that you are fast. I cannot understand how a girl with a rouged face has any friends. Understand that I do not accuse you of this. If you rouge doubtless you would attract a certain sort of man.

Perhaps, too, you are selfish without realizing that you are. Be thoughtful of the other people and think of their comfort before you do your own. If I were you I would not worry about making friends. Be the sweetest, best kind of a girl you know how to be. Put love into everything you do. It has been said that life is very generous in its returns for what we put into it. If you try, you will find this statement true.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I am 35 years old and have been married 14 years. I have one child. I haven't much pleasure since I have been married. My husband is six years older than I. He doesn't want any pleasure and doesn't want any one else to have it. I never go much and when we do he usually finds some little thing to get angry at and growches and trip me up. I used to cry, because I hurt my feelings so badly. Don't think that I want to do anything wrong. I would like for us all to go together and have a good time, but he doesn't enjoy anything that anyone else would. I loved him when I married him—I think too much. His contrary disposition has always hurt me so badly that now I don't think I love

him, and I can't overlook his meanness as I once did. I don't think I can ever be happy again with him, for I began to realize he has ruined my life. I can't take interest in my work as I used to. It used to be a pleasure, but now everything is a drag.

I never go to my mother's. He never tells me to go and visit her. So I just stay at home doing my work with the work. Don't you think that I ought to go and leave him for a few days at a time?

THOROUGHLY DISGUSTED.
Yes, indeed, I think you ought to visit your mother. To get a change for even a short time will give you a different point of view. You will return home with more interest and will be eager to take up the duties which seem irksome to you now.

So many women have had to face what you are facing. They have had to learn that they must find happiness alone and cannot expect the companionship of their husbands. Do not let this discourage you. The situation is not ideal by any means. You can, however, live in such a way that you are really happy regardless of your husband's lack of interest in the things you enjoy.

Try to be a companion to your boy. Do not let work take all your time. Read to the boy, walk with him and go picnicking with him. Ask his advice in matters so that he will feel closer to you. I am sure that the love of your boy will compensate for what you miss in your husband. You will not regret the marriage because it has made the child possible.

I believe if you get a rest you will be able to see your husband in a different light. Do not try to oppose him. Draw him out by letting him think he is having his own way and you are trying to please him. Show that his conversation interests you and laugh when he has said something funny. Probably he misses your companionship as much as you miss his.

Dear Mrs. Thompson: I have a white silk parasol and it is very badly soiled. Is there any way I could clean it myself, or would it be best to take it to the dry cleaner?

THANK YOU.
I think you would be more apt to be satisfied with the results if you took your parasol to a cleaner than if you attempted to clean it yourself, though you might try any of the commercial cleaners.

Frederic Haskin's Letter
Six of the Forty-Eight

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 4.—The Committee of Forty-eight whose convention to form a third party was held here recently seems to have failed in its project, but its members assert that they are still going to maintain their organization and work for Americanism, as they interpret that much used and abused word. Since we are, still striving in their official capacity for governmental reform, it might be of interest to know something more about them than their numerical quantity.

Amos Pinchot, J. A. H. Hopkins, Charles H. Ingersoll, Frederick D. Durand and 44 other liberal-minded Americans met in St. Louis in 1915, all brought together by a common feeling that the two old parties had failed to keep up with evolution by refusing to respond to the historic and economic tendencies of the times. They called themselves the Committee of Forty-eight after an early history who in pre-revolutionary days formed a Committee of Thirteen made up of such men as Washington, Jefferson, Paine, etc. They carried on such an extensive campaign by mail that when they met here last month they had 100,000 members.

One of the most notable characteristics of the delegates to this convention was their leanness as compared to the double-chinned type of delegate which is so predominant in the conventions of the older parties. This might be explained by the fact that a nervous, active, and therefore thin, man is more likely to think and be discontented with his lot. For the same reason, perhaps, the members of the Committee of Forty-eight lack the sagging jaw, the pouch under the eye, and the manner of glassy smoothness peculiar to the ordinary politician.

Lean and Hungry-Like.
This alone should have shrewd statesmen that they were not the type to follow the beaten political path. Shakespeare saw the same connection between leanness and rebellion when he had Julius Caesar point out that "yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look" and might therefore be expected to make trouble. Not that the Forty-eight intended to make trouble. They were simply a group of earnest citizens who felt that there was something lacking in our political life, and that the proceedings of the two old parties in convention this year had had the effect of snubbing good men and true who were merely rallying round as usual. And so they determined to rally round no longer.

J. A. H. Hopkins, who might be called the prime mover of the Committee of Forty-eight, was one of the outstanding figures at their convention. Mr. Hopkins was a delegate to the 1912 national convention of the Republicans, and a leader in the Roosevelt revolt. He was treasurer of the progressive campaign committee. In 1916 he came to the convention expecting to nominate Roosevelt again, and when Roosevelt refused the nomination he turned his back on them. Then Mr. Hopkins campaigned for Woodrow Wilson with whom he afterwards became disillusioned. As he had tried every known political party without feeling satisfied, there seemed to be nothing for him to do but to start a new one. Hence the Committee of Forty-eight.

It may be of interest for those who think that the Committee of Forty-eight is composed of Socialists, enemies of other people's worldly goods to know that Mr. Hopkins is a very wealthy man, both through his own work and money he inherited from his father. His business is insurance, and his home is in Morristown, N. J. However, money seems not to be the main interest in his life. He has refrained from using the money he inherited, and lately he has given up taking an active interest in his own business, preferring to give all his energy to the new party plans.

Mr. Hopkins is Handsome.
Mr. Hopkins is a valuable asset to the Forty-eight in another way besides being a hard worker and enthusiastic. He will be a great help to the party in attracting feminine votes. Not altogether because he was one of the first men in the east to come out in support of woman suffrage.

Charles H. Ingersoll is another interesting Forty-eighter. He was the poor farmer boy who conceived the idea that everybody ought to have a watch, and has now made this convenient possession possible to the most poverty-stricken by his manufacture of cheap timepieces. He used to be a Bryan Democrat, and he is still a single tax supporter. Personally he is a simple, likable man, who retains his simplicity in spite of his great wealth. He is a chunky and absent-minded human who is more than likely to appear at a formal banquet in a baggy business suit. His habit of rising early caused much dismay among the other Forty-eighters who were often aroused from their slumbers at 8 a. m. to lend him a safety razor. Mr. Ingersoll, in his excitement, forgot to bring his safety to the convention, and had to borrow one from the Pullman car porter on the way here in order to present a pleasing countenance to Chicago. The most remarkable thing about this remarkable man, however, is that although he operates six factories during these troublous times he has never any labor disturbances among his men.

Another well known Forty-eighter is Amos Pinchot, a wealthy and liberal-minded lawyer. Mr. Pinchot supported Roosevelt in 1912, and like Hopkins, was much disappointed when Roosevelt failed the Progressives in 1916. He also became a Democrat, and in due time a disappointed Wilson man. He is another lean and lank and long in stride of muscular nervous energy and unusual culture and charm.

An interesting thing is that the Committee of Forty-eight is made up of half of its members are women, and women of widely different types. There is Mrs. Ina P. Williams of Yakima, Washington, for instance. Mrs. Williams was an active supporter of woman suffrage in her state. She was a member of the state legislature, and later ran for congress. She is an active clubwoman, is interested in a farmers' paper, and is a member of the Women's Card and Label club, an organization whose members will buy only union made goods.

A Woman Pony Rider.
Mrs. Flora C. Thomas, a member from Minneapolis, is a young woman of unbounded energy. Her father was an immigrant from Norway, and she was brought up in poverty. She taught school in Wisconsin riding 20 miles a day to and from the school house on a pony. Later she became national secretary of the Women's Non-Partisan league, and is now secretary of the women's clubs in 13 different states. Although she is only 28 years old she has already done much to bring culture and happiness into the lives of the farmers' wives in the northwest.

An entirely different type of Forty-eighter is Mrs. Marie Tudor Garland, an aristocratic and clever lady from Massachusetts. Mrs. Garland, although an elderly lady, is a most energetic one. She was in France when she heard that the Committee of Forty-eight had been called. She immediately caught an aeroplane to London in order to make a boat to America and be able to attend the first meeting. Mrs. Garland is not worried about the future of our country. Being the mother of six children herself she has faith that the youth of our country can solve their problems. All we have to do, she thinks, is to give them a party which really does represent the people, and they will do the rest.

Altogether the Committee of Forty-eight is a very interesting and likable group. They may be too idealistic or too few to make much of a dent on reality, but they are emphatically not the kind of citizens who are out to form a "pink party for pale people" as some one has humorously said.

Argus Information Bureau
(Any reader can get the answer to any question by writing The Argus Information Bureau, Frederic H. Haskin, Director, 100 N. 10th St., St. Paul, Minn. Give name and address and enclose two-cent stamp for return postage. Be brief. All inquiries are confidential, the replies being sent direct to each individual. No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.)

Q. Since the constitution requires a man to be 35 years old in order to be president, could Franklin Roosevelt, who is but 33, succeed Cox if he were elected and did not serve out his term? A. L. P.

A. The constitution requires that a man be 35, not 45, in order to be eligible to the office of president. Theodore Roosevelt, our youngest president, was 42 when inducted into office.

Q. Does one-fourth of the population live in the eastern part of the United States? R. T.

A. Over a third of the population of the country lives in the northeastern section of the country, comprising New England, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware, although this section contains but 6 per cent of the area of the United States.

Q. When should fruit trees be pruned? L. B.

A. Most fruit trees may be pruned in February or March, which is usually a slack time with the farmer. Peach trees should be pruned a little later, since all injury to the annual growth from winter killing will then be apparent, and the pruner can modify his plan so as to leave a maximum quantity of wood in order to secure a profitable crop of fruit.

Q. Are satisfactory telescope lenses made in the United States? A. C. S.

A. Before the World War practically all the optical glass used in this country came from Germany, but its manufacture has now been undertaken successfully in this country. A 12-inch disk is on the market, and others, including a 40-inch, will soon be an accomplished fact.

Q. Is the Salvation Army incorporated? N. T.

A. The Salvation Army is incorporated.

Q. Who was Christopher Columbus? E. R. O.

A. This was a pseudonym which was occasionally used by Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Q. How do bananas compare with vegetables and other fruits for food value? G. L.

A. Bananas are rich in calories, yielding about 450 to the pound, which is higher than any other fresh fruit. It is approximately the same as green corn. Compared with potatoes, the analysis is nearly the same, bananas being somewhat higher in fat and lower in protein, also slightly higher in carbohydrate.

Q. What is the rate of duty imposed on oriental rugs imported from Shanghai, China? G. S.

A. The department of commerce states that the duty on oriental rugs is 50 per cent ad valorem.

Q. What is the origin of the word tariff? G. K.

A. The word is of Spanish derivation, the Spanish word tariff meaning price list or rate book. This word in turn comes from the Arabic tariff, notification or advertisement, from the verb tarafa, to know.